

A Tale of Two Ornaments  
By Claudia I. Haas

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CHARACTERS: 3

Gloria (f): ageless! a handcrafted elegant, beautiful ornament and she knows it

Ernst (m): ageless! a proper British ornament – maybe a Palace guard, a Shakespearean character

Vixen (m or f): young; a busy little kitten

PLACE: In someone's decorated Christmas tree\*

TIME: Christmas Eve

SYNOPSIS: Merry Catmess! That's what Christmas Eve is for two ornaments being terrorized by Vixen the Kitten.

\*The Christmas tree can simply be a ladder. Feel free to stick branches or lights or garlands around it. Or have the ornaments hold on to or wear branches. Just evoke the fact that the characters are on the top part of a Christmas tree. The sillier the better.

## A Tale of Two Ornaments

AT RISE GLORIA and ERNST are hanging in a Christmas tree. It is Christmas Eve. All is calm.

GLORIA

It's too quiet. Evil is in the air.

ERNST

It's a perfectly charming night. Christmas Eve always is.

GLORIA

It's our last Christmas Eve! The beast is lurking!

ERNST

Nothing bad can happen on Christmas Eve.

GLORIA

The beast is coming!

ERNST

Dear Gloria – all is calm.

GLORIA

To shake us!

ERNST

All is bright.

GLORIA

To destroy us!

ERNST

Don't fret! Ernst is here! I shall protect you! "Silent night..."

GLORIA

Not for long!

ERNST

"Holy night..."

GLORIA

Evil! It's evil!

ERNST  
“All is calm...”

GLORIA  
Not any more!

ERNST  
“All is bright...”

GLORIA  
You mean “fright” don’t you? “All’s a fright!”

(We hear a sound – maybe a bell or a paw-step.)

GLORIA  
IT’S COMING! THE BEAST IS COMING!

(And sure enough a most darling, innocent looking kitten (VIXEN) dashes in chasing a toy. He pounces on it and plays and suddenly stops and looks around.)

VIXEN  
Mew! A tree!

(Of course VIXEN jumps in the tree. GLORIA and ERNST sway with the swaying tree.)

GLORIA  
I – don’t like – this.

ERNST  
Think of it as an amusement park ride, dear Gloria.

GLORIA  
From the time I was a baby ornament, I hated amusement park rides! Oh dear – I can’t stop swaying! Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear! Ernst – please – *do something!*

ERNST  
(Singing)  
“O Christmas tree!”

ERNST (cont’d)  
(Vixen paws at him. Speaking.)

Ohhh! Christmas Tree!

VIXEN

Meooooow! Sparkly!

(VIXEN paws at GLORIA.)

GLORIA

Not the paw! Not the evil paw!

(VIXEN cocks his head and paws again.)

GLORIA (cont'd)

*Ernst! Don't let him do that!*

ERNST

All right. If you say so. I say, dear cat – don't do that, please.

VIXEN

Meow?

ERNST

You're frightening the dear lady.

(VIXEN gives a playful slap at ERNST but in doing so falls out of the tree – as kittens do. VIXEN spooks himself, jumps up in the air emitting a “kitten noise” and scampers away. ERNST is visibly shaken!)

GLORIA

Why, Ernst – you risked your life – for me. For little old me.

ERNST

I did, didn't I? *Yes, I did! I most certainly did!*

GLORIA

I didn't know you had it in you!

ERNST

There's a lot of things you don't know about me Gloria ... *dear* Gloria...

GLORIA

After being stored away in a box for a solid year, Ernst – I'm pretty sure I know all there is to know about you. You do tend to chatter.

ERNST

But – you don't know the important things!

Such as? GLORIA

How I ... feel ... about you ... ERNST

(Suddenly VIXEN gets the zoomies and starts dashing and darting everywhere. Around the room, around the tree.)

Earthquake! GLORIA

It's just the zoomies. Hold on tight. ERNST

The "zoomies?" GLORIA

It's a kitten thing. He'll exhaust himself. If we don't die in the process, we'll live. ERNST

(Terrified and shaking, ERNST and GLORIA hold on tightly to the tree, eyes closed and shaking. Their hands will – almost meet. Then, suddenly right on cue, VIXEN stops in his tracks and plops on the ground – exhausted.)

My hero! GLORIA

(ERNST opens his eyes and is visibly relieved to see VIXEN asleep.)

It was ... nothing. ERNST

How did you know about the zoomies? GLORIA

I ... errr ... that is – I know things. I've been "around the block" one might say. ERNST

I think you're simply wonderful. It's amazing that we spent an entire year in a box together and I never noticed you. Of course, you were wrapped in tissue paper. GLORIA

I – noticed you! In fact – ERNST

GLORIA

Yes?

(VIXEN will slowly wake up and stretch and just sit quietly, head-cocked watching the two ornaments.)